Mr. John Philips

Ill.r Kneller Sculp.

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1476.aa.40.
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POEMS

ATTEMPTED

In the STYLE of *MILTON.*

BY

Mr *JOHN PHILIPS,*
Student of *Christ-Church, Oxon.*

With His LIFE by Dr *SEWELL.*

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THE LIFE OF Mr *JOHN PHILIPS.*

AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleaſure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the manner of his Education, and other little Circumſtances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To ſatisfy this general Inclination, and do ſome Juſtice to the Memory of Mr *Philips*, we ſhall give the World a ſhort Account of him, and his few, but excellent, Compoſitions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wiſhes.

He was the Son of Dr *Stephen Philips*, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordſhire*, *December* the 30th, *Anno* 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar-Learning, he was ſent to *Wincheſter* School, where he made himſelf Maſter of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was ſoon diſtinguiſhed for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies, which he diſcovered in the beſt Claſſical Authors.

With this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promiſes of a farther Improvement in all uſeful Studies, he was removed to *Chriſt-Church* in *Oxford*. From his firſt Entrance into that Univerſity, he was very much eſteemed for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableneſs of his Converſation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his Univerſity Exerciſes were received with Applauſe; and in that Place, ſo famous for good Senſe, and a true Spirit, he, in a ſhort time, grew to be ſuperior to moſt of his Contemporaries; where, to have been their Equal only, had been a ſufficient Praiſe. There it was, that, following the natural Bent of his Genius, beſides other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with Mr *Milton*, whom he ſtudied with Application, and traced him in all his ſucceſsful Tranſlations from the Antients. There was not an Alluſion in his *Paradiſe Loſt* drawn from the Thoughts or Expreſſions of *Homer*, or *Virgil*, which he could not immediately refer to; and by that, He perceived what a peculiar Life and Grace, their Sentiments added to *Engliſh* Poetry; how much their Images raiſed it's Spirit; and what Weight and

Beauty

Beauty their Words, when Tranſlated, gave to it's Language. Nor was he leſs curious in obſerving the Force and Elegancy of his Mother-Tongue, but, by the Example of his Darling *Milton*, ſearched backwards into the Works of our Old *Engliſh* Poets, to furniſh himſelf with proper, ſounding, and ſignificant Expreſſions, and prove the due Extent, and Compaſs of the *Language*. For this purpoſe, he carefully read over *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*; and, afterwards, in his Writings, did not ſcruple to revive any Words, or Phraſes, which he thought deſerved it; with that modeſt Liberty, which *Horace* allows of, either in the coining of new, or reſtoring of antient Expreſſions. Yet tho' he was a profeſſed Admirer of theſe Authors, it was not from any View of appearing in Publick; for ſuch was his Modeſty, that he was the only Perſon who did not think himſelf qualified for it: He read for his own Pleaſure; and Writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleaſing others. Nor was he ſo in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Uſefulneſs, or his own Genius, excited him to purſue. He was very well verſed in the whole Compaſs of Natural Philoſophy; and ſeemed, in his Studies, as well as his Writings, to have made *Virgil* his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous Wiſh;

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
Accipiant; cælique vias & ſidera monſtrent:

Defectus Solis varios, Lunæque labores:
Undè tremor terris; quâ vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant:
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Georg. Lib. II. ver. 475.

Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know,
The Depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
And in what dark Recess they shrink again.
What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays,
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
DRYDEN.

Mr *Philips* was no less passionate an Admirer of Nature; and, it is probable, that he drew his own Character, in that Description which he gives of a Philosophical and Retired Life, at the latter End of the first Book of his *CYDER*.

- - - - - - - - - He to his Labours hies,
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race. - - - - - -

And we have good Reason to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new Discoveries

Diſcoveries made, by ſo diligent an Enquirer, and ſo faithful a Recorder of Phyſical Operations. However, though Death prevented our Hopes in that reſpect, yet the admirable Paſſages of that Kind, which we find in his Poem on *CYDER*, may convince us of the Niceneſs of his Obſervations in Natural Cauſes: Beſides this, he was particularly ſkilled in all manner of Antiquities, eſpecially thoſe of his own Country; and Part of this too, he has, with much Art and Beauty, intermixed with his *Poetry*.

As to his private Character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by thoſe who did not; ſomewhat reſerved, and ſilent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and eaſy with his Friends: The firſt was, the Effect of his Modeſty, the latter, of his chearful Innocence: The one was, the proper Caution of a Wiſe Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averſe to contentious Diſputes; and thought no Time ſo ill ſpent, and no Wit ſo ill uſed, as that which was employed in ſuch Debates. Thus he never contributed to the Uneaſineſs of his Company, but often to their Inſtruction, always to their Pleaſure. As on the one Hand, he declined all Strokes of *Satire*; ſo, on the other, he deteſted Flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or ſervile one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity, indeed, was his diſtinguiſhing Character; and made him as dear to all good Men, as

his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Senſe, and Letters.

Upon all theſe Accounts, during his Stay in the Univerſity, he was honoured with the Acquaintance of the beſt and politeſt Men in it; many of whom, who now make conſiderable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Diſgrace to have their Names mentioned, as Mr *Philips*'s Friends. And here we muſt not omit that particular Friendſhip which he contracted with Mr *Edmund Smith*, Author of the incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*; and who, upon his Deceaſe, celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem; and ſoon after, followed him to the Grave. Theſe Two often communicated their Thoughts to each other; and as their Studies lay the ſame Way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and Improvement. For, as the Mind takes no greater Pleaſure than in a free and unreſerved Diſcovery of it's own Notions, ſo it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a ſincere Friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleaſant as any part of Mr *Philips*'s Life, who had a Soul capable of reliſhing all the fineſt Enjoyments of ſublime, virtuous, and elegant Spirits. I am ſure, Mr *Smith*, in his Poem to his Memory, ſpeaks of it as what moſt affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loſs of it.

Whom ſhall I find unbyaſs'd in Diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?

To

To whom the Labours of my Soul diſcloſe,
Reveal my Pleaſure, or diſcharge my Woes?
Oh! in that Heav'nly Youth for ever ends
The beſt of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.

IT is to be deplored, indeed, that Two great Geniuſes, in whoſe Power it was to have obliged the World ſo much, ſhould make ſo ſhort a Stay in it; though had their Date been longer, we can hardly ſay, that Time would have added any thing but Number to their Compoſitions. It was their Happineſs to give us all their Pieces perfect in their Kind; the Accuracy of their Judgment not ſuffering them to publiſh without the greateſt Care and Correctneſs. For haſty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, ſeldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at beſt Food only for debauched and vitiated Palates. Theſe Men thought, and conſidered before they ſat down to write; and after they had written too, being ever the laſt Perſons who were ſatisfied that they had performed well; and even then, perhaps, more in Compliment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

BUT it is now time that we lead our Author from his Univerſity-Friend to ſome of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an equal Applauſe and Admiration. The Reaſon of his coming to Town, was the Perſuaſion of ſome great Perſons, who engaged him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM*; and how well their Expectations were anſwered, it will be more proper to mention when we ſpeak of his Works. It is

enough at preſent to obſerve, that this POEM brought him into Favour and Eſteem with * Two of the moſt eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appeared in our Age: The one, famous for his Political Knowledge and Univerſal Learning; the other, diſtinguiſhed for the different Talents of a refined and polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Buſineſs, joined with an exquiſite and ſucceſsful Penetration in Affairs of the higheſt Concern.

HOWEVER, though he was much reſpected by theſe, and other noble Patrons, yet from the modeſt Diſtruſt he entertained of himſelf, it was not without ſome Pain that he enjoyed their Company; and the Fear of offending, oftentimes made him leſs ſtudious of pleaſing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceived of his own good Qualities, that it made them leſs conſpicuous to others; as if he was aſhamed that his Virtues were greater; he choſe rather to obſcure thoſe which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental Light which they deſerved. I ſpeak this only with reſpect to his Converſation with his Superiors, who, knowing his true Worth, were more pleaſed with his Endeavours to diguiſe it, than if he had ſet it off with all the oſtentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great againſt his Wit, ſo neither did his unſollicitous Eaſineſs in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks of

* *Earl of* Oxford, *and Viſcount* Bolingbroke.

of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never prais'd any one with a ſordid View, nor ever ſacrificed his Sincerity to his Intereſt, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious; and as he gave his Characters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, he obſerved at the ſame Time the Fidelity of an *Hiſtorian*. This, indeed, was a Part which diſtinguiſhed him as much from almoſt all other Poets, as his Manner of Writing did; he being one of thoſe few who were equally averſe to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of his Way for a Panegyrick, or forced his Invention to be ſubſervient to his Gratitude; but interwove his Characters ſo well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them ſo juſtly to the Merit of the Perſons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a Piece with the *Poem*. If it be reckoned difficult to praiſe well; for our Author not to err, in ſuch a Variety, is much more ſo, and looks like the maſterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all Sorts of Beauties, and at the ſame Time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily diſtinguiſhes them from each other. In ſhort, to purſue the Metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his Colours, nothing ſtiff or affected in his Manner; and all the Lineaments are ſo exact, that an indifferent Eye may at firſt View, diſcover who ſat for the Picture.

FROM this general View of his Writings, I ſhall now paſs on to particular; of which it is to be wiſhed, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an eminent Preacher, who, out of an obſtinate Modeſty,

Modeſty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one Sermon, (the beſt, perhaps, that ever paſſed the Preſs) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr *CRADOCK*'s WORKS. The ſame, with much Juſtice, may be given to the Poetical Compoſitions which our excellent *Author* has publiſhed, and which may challenge that Name more deſervedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuſe and negligent Writers.

THE firſt of theſe, was the *Splendid Shilling*; a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his Way of adorning it was, and which, in the Opinion of one of the beſt and moſt unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, *is the fineſt Burleſque Poem in the* Britiſh *Language*; * nor was it only the fineſt of that Kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made uſe of by any Author of our own, or other Nations; the Sentiments and Style being in this both new; whereas in thoſe, the Jeſt lies more in Alluſions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Antients, than in the Pomp of the Expreſſion. The ſame Humour is continued through the whole, and not unnaturally diverſified, as moſt Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that Variety of Circumſtances, which his fruitful Invention muſt ſuggeſt to him on ſuch a Subject, he has not choſen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and ſome, that none but his inimitable Dreſs could have made diverting to any. When

we

* *See the* Tatler, Numb. 249.

we read it, we are betrayed into a Pleaſure that we could not expect; though, at the ſame Time, the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phraſe, ſeem to chaſtiſe that Laughter which they provoke.

In her beſt Light the comick Muſe appears,
*When ſhe, with borrow'd Pride, the * Buſkin wears.*

THIS was the firſt Piece that made him known to the World; and, tho' printed from an an incorrect Copy, gained him an univerſal Applauſe; and (as every Thing new in it's Kind does) ſet many Imitators to work; yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A genuine Edition of it came out ſome Years after; for he was not ſo ſollicitous for Praiſe, as to haſten even that, which by the Earneſt he received from the Publick, he might modeſtly aſſure himſelf would be a Procurer of it.

THE next of his Poems was that, entituled *BLEINHEIM*; wherein he ſhews, that he could uſe the ſame ſublime and nervous Style as properly on a ſerious and heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous Nature. We have ſaid before, at whoſe Requeſt this was wrote; tho' he would willingly have declined that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitements of his Friends prevailed upon him

* *See Mr* Smith's *Poem, before-mentioned.*

him, to give up his Modeſty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece, is a juſt Alluſion to the Beginning of the *Æneid*, (if that be *VIRGIL*'s) and that of *SPENSER*'s *Fairy Queen*.

From low and abject Themes the grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts Aërial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's *Hero*; - - - - - - - - - -

THE Spirit is kept on the ſame to the End; the Whole being full of Noble Sentiments, and Majeſtick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols; and not admitting of any Rival, (except Mr *Addiſon*'s Campaign) on the ſame Occaſion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of *VIRGIL*, in his Digreſſion upon the Poetical *Elizium*, where the famous - - - - - - *Tu Marcellus eris* - - - - - - is ſo happily tranſlated and applied, that it ſhews the Spirit of *VIRGIL* better than all the Labours of his Commentators: There, ſpeaking of the late Marquis of *BLANDFORD*, he ſays;

Had thy preſiding Star propitious ſhone,
Shouldſt CHURCHILL *be!* - - - - - -

THE Addreſſes to his Patrons are very fine and artificial; the firſt, juſt and proper; and the latter of *Engliſh* MEMMIUS, exactly appoſite to him, to whom all the Polite Part of Mankind agree, in applying that of the *Roman*;

- - - - - *Quem*

- - - - - - - Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus.

As to his *CYDER*, it is one (if not the only) finiſh'd Poem, of that Length, extant in our Language; the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the firſt Book compoſed at *Oxford*; the ſecond, for the moſt part, in Town. He was determined to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Paſſion he had, to do ſome Honour to his Native Country; and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius and Art to make it complete. It is founded upon the Model of *VIRGIL*'s *Georgicks*; and comes the neareſt of any other, to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Æneid*. Yet, though it is eaſy to diſcern who was his Guide in that difficult Way, we may obſerve, that he comes after rather like a Purſuer, than a Follower, not tracing him Step after Step, but chooſing thoſe Paths in which he might eaſieſt overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being ſervile, tho' ſometimes very cloſe; at other times, he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleaſing, perhaps, than his Maſter's themſelves were to thoſe who firſt ſaw that Work. The Conduct and Management are ſuperior to all other Copyers of that Original; and, even the admired *RAPIN* is much below him, both in Deſign and Succeſs; for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own; and has, in Contradiction

tradiction to his own Rules of Criticiſm, injudiciouſly blended the ſerious and ſublime Style of *VIRGIL*, with the elegant Turns of *OVID* in his *Metamorphoſis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr *COWLEY* ſucceeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who, beſides the ſame Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from on ſort of Verſe to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, though allow'd to be uſeful, are yet ſo numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verſe, and ſink it from a *Poem* to a Treatiſe of *Phyſick*. It is not out of Envy to the Merit of theſe great Men (and who will ever be ſuch in ſpite of Envy) that we take Notice of theſe Miſtakes, but only to ſhew the Judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the ſame. Whatever Scenes he preſents us with, appear delicate and charming; the Philoſophical Touches ſurprize, the Moral inſtruct, and the Gay Deſcriptions tranſport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth; at others, he paints it's Surface; ſometimes he dwells upon it's lower Products, and Fruits; at others, mounts to it's higher and more ſtately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleaſures of it's Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a Contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Huſbandman, the Induſtry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diverſify, as the due Praiſes of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and Stateſmen, to raiſe and ennoble the

Poetry.

Poetry. The Change of Seaſons, and their Diſtinctions, introduced by the Riſing and Setting of the Stars, the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempeſts, are in their ſeveral Places very ornamental, and their Deſcriptions inferior only to thoſe of *VIRGIL*.

IT would be difficult, as well as uſeleſs, to give particular Inſtances of his Imitations of the laſt mentioned *Poet:* Men of Taſte and Learning will themſelves obſerve them with Pleaſure; and it would be to no purpoſe to quote them to the Illiterate: To the one, it would be a ſort of an Affront; to the other, but an inſipid Entertainment. *MILTON*, we are informed, could repeat the beſt Part of *HOMER*; and the Perſon of whom we write, could do the ſame of *VIRGIL*, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a ſufficient Anſwer to thoſe who wiſh this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, ſince then it muſt have loſt half it's Beauties; it being impoſſible, but that the ſame undiſtinguiſhible Tenor of Verſification, and Returns of Cloſe, ſhould make it very unharmonious to a judicious and muſical Ear. The beſt Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions againſt *Rhyme*, even they who uſed it with the greateſt Admiration and Succeſs, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant, to what a Height ſome modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to expreſs the moſt ſublime *Ideas*; yet this has been in much ſhorter Poems than the preſent; and I doubt not, but the

the ſame Perſons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occaſion. I ſhall not ſo far enter into the Diſpute concerning the Preference of theſe different Manners of Writing, as to ſtate and anſwer the Objections on each ſide. It is true, Mr *DRYDEN* thought that *MILTON*'s Choice of Blank Verſe proceeded from his Inability to *rhyme* well; and, as good a Reaſon might eaſily be given for his own Choice; it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Myſtery of one, and could have been but ſecond in the other.

HOWEVER, we leave this Queſtion to be decided by thoſe, whoſe Studies and Deſigns to excel in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a Diſreputation to Mr *PHILIPS*, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to *VIRGIL*, that he has not compoſed *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to purſue; and if we anſwer our Deſigns in that, it is ſufficient. The Criticks would make a Man laugh, to hear them gravely diſputing from little Hints of thoſe Authors, whether *VIRGIL* could not have writ bitter *Satires*, or *HORACE* a good *Epick* Poem.

BUT to return from this Digreſſion to my Deſign, I would not have it thought that I preſume to make a Criticiſm upon the Works of our Author, or thoſe of others. Theſe are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whoſe ſake they were written. I ſhall add but one Remark more upon.

upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *Engliſh* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Inſtruments, ſhine in Verſe: There are hardly any of thoſe, which, in the *Latin* Tongue, are not in themſelves beautiful and expreſſive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debaſe than exalt the Style. And yet, I know not by what Art of the Poet, theſe Words, tho' in themſelves mean and low, ſeem not to ſink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as thoſe of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I CANNOT leave the *CYDER*, without taking Notice, that the two Books are addreſſed to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to ſay, that there were Mr *PHILIPS*'s Friends and Favourers, and whoſe Characters, without the Help of a weaker Hand, will be traſmitted to Poſterity. Nor muſt we admit that ſignal Honour which this Piece received after his Deceaſe, in being tranſlated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *Florence*, an Honour which the great *BOILEAU* * was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtained, in a Language of much leſs Delicacy and Politeneſs. It may be ſome Pleaſure to obſerve the Turn which Mr *SMITH* † gives this Paſſage, in the following Verſes:

See

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* *Monſieur* Boileau's Art of Poetry *was tranſlated into* Portugueze *by the Count* de Ericeyra.

† *See Mr* Smith's *Poem.*

See mighty COSMO's *Counſellor and Friend,*
By Turns on COSMO, *and the Bard attend;*
Rich in the Coins and Buſts of antient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treaſure home;
In them he views her Gods, and Domes deſign'd,
In him the Soul of Rome, *and* VIRGIL's *mighty Mind:*
To him for Eaſe retires from Toils of State,
Not half ſo proud to Govern, *as* Tranſlate.

ALL that we have left more of this Poet, is a *Latin* ODE, inſcrib'd to the Honourable *HENRY St JOHN*, Eſq; (now Lord *BOLINGBROKE*) which is certainly a Maſterpiece: The Style is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, reſembling the ſublime Spirit, and gay, facetious Humour of *HORACE*. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferior to thoſe he has left us in our Own; and as *HORACE* was one of his darling Authors, we need not queſtion his Ability to excel in his Way, as well as that of the admired *VIRGIL*.

BY all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I not very ſollicitous about them, being convinced that theſe are all which he finiſhed, and it would be an Injury to his Aſhes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never deſigned for the Publick. It might, perhaps, pleaſe ſome to ſee the firſt Eſſays of a great Genius, but conſidering how

how apt we are to impoſe upon ourſelves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a ſilly Vanity that ſome Men have delighted in, of informing the World how Young they were when they compoſed ſome particular Pieces; if they are not good, it is no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themſelves.

WE have almoſt as little to ſay in reſpect of our Author's farther Deſigns, only that we are aſſured by his Friends, that he intended to write a *Poem* upon the *Reſurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*, in which, it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of it in that ſolemn Style which he makes uſe of, and by one whoſe juſt Notions of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his Reader without a wild Enthuſiaſm:

----*Extra flammantia Mœnia Mundi.* LUCRET.

MILTON has given a few fine Touches upon the ſame: but ſtill there remains an inexhauſtible Store of Materials to be drawn from the *Prophets*, the *Pſalmiſt*, and the other *Inſpired Writers*, which, in his Poetical Dreſs, might, without the falſe Boaſting of Old Poets, have endured to the *Day* that it deſcribed. The meaneſt Soul, and the loweſt Imagination, cannot think of that Time, and the Deſcriptions we met with of it in *Holy Writ*,

Writ, without the greateſt Emotion, and the deepeſt Impreſſion. What then might we not expect from the believing Heart of a good Man, and the regulated Flights and Raptures of an excellent Chriſtian Poet? His Friend, Mr *Smith*, ſeems to be of the ſame Opinion; and as he was a better Judge of the Scheme which he had laid down, and probably had ſeen the firſt Rudiments of his Deſign, we ſhall finiſh this Head with his Verſes on that Occaſion:

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had ſung in nobler Lays,
How the laſt Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Croſs triumphant ſpread;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions ſhow,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoice Above, and Sinners howl Below.
Well might he Sing the Day *he could not fear,*
And paint the Glories he was ſure to wear.

THOSE who have had either any Knowledge of his Perſon, or Reliſh of his Compoſitions, will eaſily agree in the Judgment here given, as the Generality of Men of Senſe and Learning, have already done in reſpect of thoſe which he lived to publiſh. For my part, I never heard but of * One who took it in his Head to cenſure his Writings; and

* *Sir* Richard Blackmore.

and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that He has the Honour to ſtand alone in that Reflection. It were eaſy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blaſt the Fruits of his *latter Spring*, * by comparing them with the Crudities of his firſt. That *Satire* upon our Author has, with it's other Brethren, been dead long ſince; and, I believe, the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr *SMITH* taken care to inform us of it in a † Work of a more durable Nature.

HOWEVER, though there is this one unjuſt Exception to his *Writings*, there is none to his *Life*, which was diſtinguiſhed by a natural Goodneſs, a well-grounded and unaffected Piety, an univerſal Charity, and a ſteddy Adherence to his Principles. No one obſerved the Natural and Civil Duties of Life with a ſtricter Regard, whether thoſe of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society; and he had the Happineſs to fill every one of theſe Parts without even the Suſpicion either of Undutifulneſs, Inſincerity, or Diſreſpect. Thus he continued to the laſt, not owing his Virtues to the Happineſs of his Conſtitution, but the Frame of his Mind; inſomuch that during a long and lingering Sickneſs, which is apt to ruffle the ſmootheſt Temper, he never betrayed any Diſcontent or Uneaſineſs, the Integrity of his Heart ſtill preſerving the Chearfulneſs of his Spirits. And if his Friends

* *Creation a Poem.* † *His Poem to the Memory of Mr* Philips.

had measured their Hopes of his Life only by his Unconcernedness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all Times prepared for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*; and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, removed to the *Bath*, where, altho' he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty, (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some present Ease; and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery; and, upon the Return of his Distempers, he died at *Hereford* the 15th of *February* ensuing, *Anno* 1708.

He was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*; and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-Stone.

JOHANNES

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. ſuæ 32.

Cujus
Oſſa ſi requiras, hanc Urnam inſpice,
Si Ingenium neſcias, ipſius Opera conſule,
Si Tumulum deſideras, Templum adi Weſtmonaſte-
Qualis quantuſque Vir fuerit, (rienſe,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara;
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inſcriptio.
Quàm interim erga Cognatus pius & officioſus,
Teſtetur hoc ſaxum
A MARIA PHILIPS *Matre ipſius pientiſſimâ,*
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non ſine Lacrymis dicatum.

THE Monument referred to at *Weſtminſter*, in this Inſcription, ſtands between thoſe of *CHAUCER* and *DRAYTON:* It is a neat Buſto in Profile, with this Motto;

Honos erit huic quoque pomo? VIRG.

And was erected to his Memory by Sir *SIMON HARCOURT*; an Honour ſo much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knew as well to diſtinguiſh Men, as excel them, and dealt out the Marks of his Reſpect as impartially as the Awards of his Juſtice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr *ATTERBURY*, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compoſitions.

Herefordiæ conduntur Oſſa,
Hoc in Delubro ſtatuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctiſque juxta charus,
Immortale ſuum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,
Eximiâ morum ſimplicitate,
Honeſtavit.
Litterarum Amœniorum ſitim,
Quam Wintoniæ *Puer ſentire cœperat,*
Inter Ædis Chriſti *Alumnos jugiter explevit,*
In illo Muſarum Domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum ſtudiis excitatus,
Optimis ſcribendi Magiſtris ſemper intentus,
Carmina ſermone Patrio compoſuit
A Græcis

A Græcis Latiniſque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romaniſque auribus omnino digna,
Verſuum quippe Harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi
Ad res ipſas apto prorſus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus
Non Clauſularum ſimiliter cadentium ſono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono *ſecundus,*
Primoque pœne Par.
Res ſeu Tenues, ſeu Grandes, ſeu Mediocres
Ornandas ſumſerat,
Nuſquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, & aſſecutus eſt,
Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.
Fas ſit Huic,
Auſo licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege diſcedere
O Poeſis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor Chaucere
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique ſtipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON HARCOURT *Miles*,
Viri benè de ſe, deque Literis meriti
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Poſt Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S.T.P. Archidiaconi
Salop, Filius, natus eſt *Bamptoniæ*
in Agro *Oxon.* Dec. 30, 1676.
Obiit *Herefordiæ*, Feb. 15, 1708.

THUS much we thought proper to ſpeak of the *Life* and *Character* of Mr *PHILIPS*; following Truth in every Part, and endeavouring to make both Him, and his Writings, an Example to others; or, if that cannot be attained through our own Defect, at leaſt to ſhew, that a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names always inconſiſtent.

THE

THE

Splendid Shilling.

------ *Sing, Heavenly Muſe,*
Things unattempted yet, in Proſe or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, *and* Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purſe retains
A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends when nightly Miſts ariſe,
To *Jun'per's* * *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* * repairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye

* Two noted Alehouſes in *Oxford*, 1700.

Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,
CLOE, or PHILLIS; he each circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size
Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwaladar* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a Deſign
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the Antient Town
Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream

Encircles

Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!
Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyleſs Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace a *Dun*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my Aërial Citadel aſcends,
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect
Thro' ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forbode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert

Such Plagues from Righteous Men;) Behind him
Another Monſter not unlike himſelf, [ſtalks
Sullen of Aſpect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance ſtrict detain him, till in Form
Of Money, PALLAS ſets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallowed Touch. So (Poets ſing)
Grimalkin to Domeſtick Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice

Sure

Sure Ruin. So her diſembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell; the humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her unexpected Spoils;
Then, with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumming Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the Horrors of the tedious Night,

Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or deſperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
And reſtleſs Wiſh, and rave, my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream;
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled Thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant Fantom curſe.

Thus do I live, from Pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*.
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat ſecure,
Nor *Medlar*-Fruit, delicious in Decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My *Galligaſkins* that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Froſts,
By Time ſubdu'd, (what will not Time ſubdue!)

An

An horrid Chaſm diſcloſe, with Orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, Overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They Stare, they Lave, they Pump, they Swear, they Pray:
(Vain Efforts!) ſtill the battering Waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks found'ring in the vaſt Abyſs.

BLEINHEIM.

FROM low and abject Themes the grov'ling Muſe,
Now mounts Aërial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of *Britain*'s Heroe; may the Verſe not ſink
Beneath His Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY *, (tho' thy Country's Weal
Depends on thee, tho' Mighty ANNE requires
Thy hourly Counſels) ſince with ev'ry Art
Thy ſelf adorn'd, the mean Eſſays of Youth,
Thou

---

* This Poem was inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable ROBERT HARLEY, Eſq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing Genius to the Muſes Seat:
Therefore Thee firſt, at laſt, the Muſe ſhall Sing.

LONG had the *Gallic* Monarch, uncontroul'd
Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
Opponent ſlightly thought, in Heart elate,
As erſt SESOSTRIS, (proud *Egyptian* King,
That Monarchs harneſs'd to his Chariot yokt,
(Baſe Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers,
Laſht furious; they in ſullen Majeſty
Drew the uneaſy Load.) Nor leſs he aim'd
At Univerſal Sway: For WILLIAM's Arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in War;
Nor Armies leagu'd, that diverſly aſſay'd
To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
That ſtands ſecure, tho' all the Winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs Roar, and only ſheds its Leaves,
Or Maſt, which the revolving Spring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
The *European* Thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at Nought their Machinations vain,
But that Great ANNE, weighing th' Events of War

Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee choſe,
Thee, CHURCHILL, to direct in nice Extreams
Her banner'd Legions. Now their priſtine Worth
The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet Native Home for unaccuſtom'd Air,
And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
Portend Diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with Length
Of March, unſtruck with Horror at the Sight
Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high ſtretching Hills,
All white with Summer Snows. They go beyond
The Trace of *Engliſh* Steps, where ſcarce the Sound
Of *Henry*'s Arms arriv'd; ſuch Strength of Heart
Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wiſe, and Juſt,
Equal in Merit, Honour, and Succeſs,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole Nights devoid
Of ſweet Repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The Soldier's Eaſe; to Regions far remote
His Care extends: And to the *Britiſh* Hoſt
Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And

And now, O CHURCHILL! at thy wiſht
Approach
The *Germans* hopeleſs of Succeſs, forlorn,
With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
New animated rouſe; Not more rejoice
The miſerable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Froſts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* kneeneſt Breath,
Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
When firſt the Sun with New-born Light removes
The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,
Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
In Military Honour next, altho'
His deadly Hand ſhook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching Sea: That Sword
Great ANNE
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant Side,
When Thee Sh'enroll'd her Garter Knights among,
Illuſtrating the Noble Liſt; Her Hand

Aſſures

Aſſures good Omens, and Saint *George*'s Worth
Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.
Immediate Seiges, and the Tire of War
Roll in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Creſt
Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conqueſts then did *Albion* hope
From thy Atchievments! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
Superior, fed their Thoughts with Proſpect vain
Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
From ranſom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
Jovial his Mate beſpoke; O Friend, obſerve,
How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies ſtript
Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures ſate
Their Maws with full Repaſt! Another, warm'd
With high Ambition, and Conceit of Proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd;

What

What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
Of baſe Antagoniſts, with griding Edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable Head
Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand,
Soon as his Army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
Should ſet Him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my Praiſe
To lead Him ſhackled, and expos'd to Scorn
Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton*'s boaſted Chief.

Thus They, in ſportive Mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces expreſt; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? Why
Decline the War? Shall a Moraſs forbid
Your eaſy March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Acceſs. Imprudent, thus t'invite
A furious Lyon to his Folds! that Boaſt
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
He ſoon reviſits *Britanny*, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht Retinue girt,

And

And pompous Pageantry; O Hapleſs Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's had prevail'd!

No need ſuch Boaſt, or Exprobations falſe
Of Cowardice; the Military Mound
The *Britiſh* Files tranſcend, in evil Hour
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate,
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
Signal of Onſet, Reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverſe Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
Deciſive of this bloody Day depends
The Fate of Kingdoms: With leſs Vehemence
The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæſar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharſalian* Plains,
Where ſtern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One,
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandiſhing his *Noric* Blade,
Beſt temper'd Steel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in Field!
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry

Preſumptuous

Preſumptuous comes; Here CHURCHILL, not
ſo prompt
To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
With EUGENE's *German* Force. Now from
each Van
The brazen Inſtruments of Death diſcharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid ſtreaming Clouds
Of Smoak ſulphureous, intermixt with theſe
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiſs,
Singeing the Air, and from long Diſtance bring
Surpriſing Slaughter; on each ſide they fly
By Chains connex't, and with deſtructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks beſtrew
Th'enſanguin'd Field; with latent Miſchief ſtor'd
Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by ſudden Burſt
Diſploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,
And Stones, and Glaſs, and nitrous Grain aduſt.
A Thouſand Ways at once the ſhiver'd Orbs
Fly diverſe, working Torment, and foul Rout
With deadly Bruiſe, and Gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of Pains impatient, the high prancing Steeds,
Diſdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,

Spurn

Spurn their diſmounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile Wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army, Death in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lie clotted; lifeleſs Some: Wiſh Anguiſh Theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and ſolemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were ſeen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverſe Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the Clouds,
Levying their equal Force with utmoſt Rage;
Long undecided laſts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe His ſlaught'ring Arm; with Speed Precipitant

Precipitant He rode, urging His Way
O'er Hills of gaſping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
Rolling in Death: Deſtruction, grim with Blood
Attends his furious Courſe. Him thus enrag'd
Deſcrying from afar ſome Engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, deſign'd
By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
But miſs'd her Scope (for Deſtiny withſtood
Th' approaching Wound) and guiltleſs plough'd
her way
Beneath his Courſer; round his Sacred Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows,
Amongſt the ſcatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware,
Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
Expoſe the *Britiſh* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thy ſelf for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal preſt,
Awaits; This Day of all his Honours gain'd,
Deſpoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
Defends not the ſad Hour: Permit not Thou
So brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd

To bite the Ground unnoted.—Swift, and Fierce
As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
The yielding Wing; in *Gallic* Blood again
He dews His reeking Sword, and ſtrews the Ground
With headleſs Ranks; (ſo *Ajax* interpos'd
His ſevenfold Shield, and ſcreen'd *Laertes'* Son,
For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
When the inſulting *Trojans* urg'd Him ſore
With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
The *French* aſtony'd; ſtrait Their uſeleſs Arms
They quit, and in Their ſwift Retreat confide,
Unſeemly Yelling; diſtant Hills return
The hideous Noiſe. What can they do? or, how
Withſtand His wide-deſtroying Sword? or, where
Find Shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with Wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th' Eager *Engliſh* Champions preſs
Chaſtiſing tardy Flight; before them rolls
His Current ſwift the *Danube*, Vaſt, and Deep,
Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulſive Arms; ſoon as they reacht,
New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
Encourag'd by Deſpair, or Obſtinate
To Fall like Men in Arms, ſome dare renew

Feeble

Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
On the firm Land; the Reſt diſcomfited,
And puſht by MARLBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood.
Bands numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
That ſwell'd the *Erythræan* Wave, when Wall'd
The unfroze Waters marvelouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the Great Command. Upbore
By frothy Billows Thouſands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore;
Confiding in their Hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outragious Fluent: In this Diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of Death, Some Tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs Friendſhip, and their ſinking Mates
Suſtain; vain Love, tho' laudable! abſorbt
By a fierce Eddy, They together ſound
The vaſt Profundity; their Horſes paw
The ſwelling Surge, fruitleſs Toil: Surcharg'd,
And in his Courſe obſtructed by large Spoil,
The River, flows redundant, and attacks
The lingring Remnant with unuſual Tide;
Then rolling back, in His Capacious Lap
Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerſt.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring Travellers retire

To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunleſs Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Braſilian* Stream; Her Tail
Of vaſt Extenſion, from Her watry Den,
A grilly *Hydra* ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirles; th' unweeting Prey
Entwiſted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *Britiſh* Squadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt Element a ſcorching Death,
Pierc'd ſinking; Shrouded in a duſky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid miſſive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' ſwift-footed Son
Of *Pelus* to his baleful Banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling *Trojans*: Nor leſs Eager drove
Victorious CHURCHILL His deſponding Foes
Into the Deep Immenſe, that many a League
Impurpled ran, with guſhing Gore diſtain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, reſcu'd harraſs'd Pow'rs

From

From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Suſtain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Hoſt diſparted; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, they Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd:
He the proud Boaſters ſent, with ſtern Aſſault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *Britiſh* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladſome Air,
Exult to ſee the crouding Ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not ſo the New Inhabitants: They roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate, Themſelves
Accuſing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance; when lo! They ſee,
Thro' the Dun Miſt, in Blooming Beauty freſh,
Two lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdent Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conqueſts; One, to Empire born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe Manly Childhood ſhew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy

Unſpeakable; Thou, His Aſſociate Dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding Star propitious ſhone,
Should'ſt CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing Years, nor would this Iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
Surveying, read in either radiant Look
Marks of exceſſive Dignity and Grace,
Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
Diſcerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
And Correſponding Features Fair; to Them
Confuſion! Straight the Airy Phantoms fleet,
With Headlong Haſte, and dread a new Purſuit;
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muſe; the ſadly-pleaſing Theme
Leave, with theſe Dark Abodes and Re-aſcend
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
The Conqu'ror, and ſav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
Hark, how the Cannon, inoffenſive Now,
Gives Signs of Gratulation; ſtruggling Crouds
From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze

Fixt,

Fixt, they behold the *Britiſh* Guide, of Sight
Inſatiate; whilſt His Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch reſpectful. See,
How *Pruſſia*'s King tranſported entertains
His Mighty Gueſt; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to ſhew
The Skill and Rudiments auſtere of War.
See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
His Great Deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of Titles, with ſuperior Modeſty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Deſpair, and Fear
Now firſt he feels; his Laurels all at once
Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
Diſtract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau*'s Harp
Of various ſounding Wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever Paſſion, and exalt the Soul
With higheſt Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breaſt.

But who can tell what Pangs, what ſharp Remorſe
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Conſort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltleſs Progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averſe
To Right, and Inſincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly Compoſure offer'd? or well weigh,
With whom he muſt Contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With *Painim* Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
Of Counſel raſh, new Meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he ſees
Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
Of Him, he once defy'd. O Deſtitute
Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant Ill-aſpiring Heart.

Lo!

Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default
Riſe hilly, with large Piles of ſlaughter'd Knights,
Beſt Men, that Warr'd ſtill firmly for their Prince,
Tho' Faithleſs, and unſhaken Duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of better End. Where Cities ſtood,
Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Deſolation Reigns,
And Emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
The Deſart wide; with oft retorted Eye
They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
Of Manſions, once their own (now loathſome Haunts
Of Birds obſcene), bewailing loud the Loſs
Of Spouſe, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
Slain in ſad Conflict, and complain of Fate
As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
Where to Retire themſelves, or where Appeaſe
Th' afflictve keen Deſire of Food, expos'd
To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beaſts.

Thrice Happy *Albion!* from the World disjoin'd
By Heav'n Propitious, Bliſsful Seat of Peace!
Learn from thy Neighbour's Miſeries to Prize

Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choiceſt
Gifts.
Remote Thou hear'ſt the Dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilſt the Diſmal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hoſts in waſteful Strife;
From diff'rent Climes the Flower of Youth deſcends
Down to the *Luſitanian* Vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Auſtrian*; Havoc dire enſues,
And wild Uproar: The Natives dubious whom
They muſt Obey, in Conſternation wait,
'Till rigid Conqueſt will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curſe
His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
What do thy Paſtures, or thy Vines avail,
Beſt Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when the Cruel Battle mows
The Planters, with their Harveſt immature?

See,

See, with what Outrage from the froſty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Battailous Array, while *Wolga*'s Stream
Sends Oppoſite, in ſhaggy Armour clad,
Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vex'd
With Civil Broils, while two Elected Kings
Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice! The *Engliſh* undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad Privilege, ſubmiſs Obey
Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,
Not Thraldom, in fit Liberty ſecure.
From Scepter'd Kings, in long Deſcent deriv'd,
Thou *ANNA* Ruleſt; Prudent to promote
Thy People's Eaſe at home, nor Studious leſs
Of *Europe*'s Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
Sole Arbitreſs, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
Sue for Relief; Thou bid'ſt Thy CHURCHILL go,
Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
Of Haughty LOUIS, unconfin'd; he goes
Obſequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
In One Great Day. Again thou giv'ſt in Charge
To ROOK, that he ſhould let that Monarch know,

The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main t'aſſert
Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
The *Gallic* Navies impotent to bear
His volly'd Thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing Night.

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reſerv'd by Fate, to Grace
The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune ſubmits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt Bound
Heſperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain Sublime, that caſts a Shade of Length
Immeaſurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!
Let Others, with Inſatiate Thirſt of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praiſe
Be ſtill, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd,

Shall

Shall with Succeſs be Crown'd, where Juſtice fails.
Thou, with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subdueſt Regions; Generous to Raiſe
The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.
The *German* Boaſts Thy Conqueſts, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy Conſcious Mind.

Auſpicious QUEEN, ſince in Thy Realms ſecure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'ſt, and Victory attends
Thy diſtant Enſigns, with Compaſſion view
Europe Embroil'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who
Shall weild th' *Heſperian*, Who the *Poliſh* Sword,
By Thy Decree; the trembling Land ſhall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, leſt Thy Scourge ſhould bruiſe
Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
Make them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus ſhall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Juſtice; Jealouſies and Fears,
And Hate Infernal baniſht ſhall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coaſts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Diſcords fell
Amongſt the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flouriſh in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head: Ye Happy Days,
By HER reſtor'd, Her Juſt Deſigns compleat,
And, mildly on HER ſhining, Bleſs the World.

Thus from the Noiſy Crowd exempt, with Eaſe,
And Plenty bleſt, amid the Mazy Groves;
(Sweet Solitude!) where Warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muſe, delicious Rural Seat
Of SAINT JOHN, *Engliſh Memmius*, I preſum'd
To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent

(So

(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
His Military Charge, * no Leiſure finds
To String His charming Shell; But when Return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall Rear Her Chearful Head,
Then ſhall His CHURCHILL in Sublimer Verſe
For ever Triumph; lateſt Times ſhall learn
From Such a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

---

* He was then *Secretary* of *War*.

ODE

ODE

AD

Henricum St John, Armig'

1706.

I.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus Herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, & ſuaveolentes
Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos;

II. Qui

II.

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiúmque, Soles:

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? Prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, Carmen, deſidéſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri ſecundo mens avet impetu,
Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
Explicuit Venuſinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, ſeu Puerum, trucem,
Cum Matre flavâ, ſeu canerat Rofas
Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
Rite beans Equitem ſub antris.

VI.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi ; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque teſtæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum ; ſed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O ! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus

VIII.

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera
Gratus recordor, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum ! & ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, & uſque colende Muſis !

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægre ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

X.

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu ;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, Tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus Uvæ.

XI.

Hanc ſumo, partis & Tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem ; quin precor, Optima
Ut uſque Conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te conſulentem Militiæ ſuper
Rebus Togatum. Macte ! Tori decus
Formoſa cui *Franciſca* ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo !

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O ! O ! labellis cui Venus inſidet !
Tu ſorte Felix ; me *Maria*
Macerat (ah miſerum !) videndo :

XIV. *Maria*,

XIV.

Maria, quæ me ſidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil
Suſpiro; nec jam Vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

AN ODE TO *Henry St John*, Esq; *

1706.

I.

O Thou from *INDIA*'s fruitful Soil,
That dost that soveraign Herb † prepare;
In whose rich Fumes I lose the Toil
Of Life, and every anxious Care:
While from the fragrant lighted Bowl,
I suck *new* Life into my Soul;

II. Thou,

---

* This Piece was translated by the Reverend Thomas Newcome, *M. A.* of *Corpus Christi College, Oxon.*

† Tobacco.

II.

THOU, only THOU! art kind to view
The parching Flames that I ſuſtain;
Which with cool Draughts Thy Caſks ſudue
And waſh away the thirſty Pain,
With Wines, whoſe Strength and Taſte we prize,
From *Latian* Suns and nearer Skies.

III.

O! ſay, to bleſs thy pious Love,
What Vows, what Offerings ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and Thou approve,
No other Gift, O hear me ſing!
In Numbers *Phœbus* does inſpire,
That ſtrings for Thee the charming Lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid Sky,
I ſtretch my Wing, and fain would go
Where *Rome*'s ſweet Swan did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the Clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to endue
With Strength, his Pinions, as he flew.

V. Whether

V.

Whether he ſings great BEAUTY's Praiſe,
Love's *gentle* Pain, or *tender* Woes;
Or chuſe, the Subject of his Lays,
The bluſhing Grape, or blooming Roſe;
Or near cool *CYRRHA*'s rocky Springs
MÆCENAS liſtens while he ſings.

VI.

Yet HE, no nobler Draught could boaſt,
His Muſe, or Muſick to inſpire,
Tho' all *FALERNUM*'s purple Coaſt,
Flow'd in each Glaſs, to lend Him Fire:
And on his Tables us'd to ſmile
The Vintage of rich *CHIO*'s Iſle.

VII.

MÆCENAS deign'd to hear his Songs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his Voice approv'd;
To THEE a fair Fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my Heart to bound its Flame,
As I record thy Love and Fame.

VIII.

Teach me the Paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful Homage bring;
And laſt in *PHOEBUS'* humble Train
The firſt and brighteſt Genius ſing.
The Muſes Favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the Fame they give.

IX.

But Oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my Love, to ſpeak thy Praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly Fire,
My Boſom heaves, my Voice decays;
With Pain I touch the mournful String,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

X.

Faint Nature now demands that Breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy Worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd and loſt in Death,
Did not thy Care kind Succours bring!
Thy pitying Caſk my Soul ſuſtain,
And call new Life in every Vein.

XI.

The ſober Glaſs I now behold,
Thy Health, with fair *FRANCISCA*'s joyn,
Wiſhing her Cheeks may long unfold
Such Beauties, and be ever Thine;
No Chance the tender Joy remove,
While She can pleaſe, and Thou canſt love.

XII.

Thus while by You the *Britiſh* Arms
Triumphs and diſtant Fame purſue;
The yielding FAIR reſigns her Charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy Neck, Her Breaſt, Her Eyes,
And all the Nymph becomes your Prize.

XIII.

What comely Grace, what beauty ſmiles,
Upon her Lips what Sweetneſs dwells?
Not Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor *VENUS* ſelf ſo much excels;
What different Fates our Paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair?

XIV.

* *MARIA*'s Form as I ſurvey,
Her Smiles a thouſand Wounds impart;
Each Feature ſteals my Soul away,
Each Glance deprives me of my Heart.
And chaſing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own Image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious Breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind Return;
Yet for the lov'd relentleſs Fair
By Night I wake, by Day I burn.
Nor can the Gifts ſoft Sleep ſupply,
Or ſooth my Pains, or cloſe my Eye.

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* *Mrs* Mary Meers, *Daughter of the late Principal of* Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

FINIS.